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[1 capture](#)

12 Mar 2015

IF YOU'VE EVER SEARCHED THE BACKGROUND OF JON MACKINDER, JON BENTON MACKINDER, OR JON MAGNIFICENT.

Once there was a boy who played some music and got some fans.

Some of those fans were a little wacky.

There is ALWAYS a percentage of those - and if you think you are one of them, you aren't.

The wacky ones never think they are wacky. They aren't capable of thinking THAT.

One of my fans repainted her house interior and then left her family and moved out from the east coast. Took a Greyhound bus here.

Being young and naive, I thought it was just great that she wanted to help me with my music career, leaving her horrible life behind.

She wasn't good looking. No attraction at all. I was a new apartment manager and had a new vacancy in the building.

It took a few months to figure out how bad this situation actually was and to get her out of the apartment building.

Last time I checked she was still writing romance fantasy novels about me and her in the big castle.....

If I was promiscuous this would have been interesting. But I'm not.

Young. Naive. And an artist, always dreaming of creating better art... that's me.

There is one that is a lot more dangerous.

I have another one who has been writing the most awful lies she can think of, for many years.

She posts it online like journal entries. Since 1998. It seems to have become her life's work, in between selling clipart that she finds and calls "her art."

Back in 1998 I dated this gal for about 4 months.

She was bad news. But I was ALWAYS trying to help and rescue and this time it got me into more trouble than I should have ever been involved in.

The highlight of that relationship was BEING SURROUNDED BY POLICE IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF A HELICOPTER OVERHEAD 4 patrol cars, 2 unmarked cars, 1 motorcycle cop. And in the middle of the spotlight: me, the girl and 1 highway patrolman.

That was an exciting date. (no, not really.)

Started on a Valentine's Day night. I moved in soon afterward.

We were working together doing websites and making a LOT of money at the time, too.

She cheated on me with old boyfriends and on the business side, too.

She'd close clients and keep the money and try to build the website herself.

She had just enough decency to feel bad about it and start going slowly more and more nuts.

She had to leave when she got violent.

While I was packing the U-Haul she started running at me and then acted like she bounced off of me. Then she'd run full speed across the room the other way into furniture and across the kitchen table, knocking everything off and breaking things.

It was insane.

After I left, about a week later, I got a call late at night.

She said someone was in her apartment and I should come rescue her.

I was not going to drive an hour to her place.

But she hung up before I could say anything else.

I called back and the phone was off its hook. I kept trying every 10 or 15 minutes.

About 45 minutes later, a man answered and asked who I was and what number I was calling from.

He identified himself as a police officer and told me he would call me back at my number.

And he did, which fortunately for me, verified my location.

She (the ex-girlfriend) had called the police and told her she was being raped.

Then she called me.

And then she left the apartment.

Had I driven over, I'd have been arrested.

Glad I didn't.

About a week later...I got another call.

This time in the morning.

She had turned up on a church lawn the night before, wearing only a see-through negligee.

No undergarments. Pantless.

The security guard had given her a blanket and had called all of her family and friends but no one wanted to help her.

That left me.

And so, this one last time, I helped her, because she had had a full-blown psychotic break.

She and others told me the story of her adventures that night, and it is the most wacked-out story ever.

I won't repeat it. It would make you ill.

So, I was to watch her for a few days and take care of her so that she would eat and get proper sleep.

She threw a dining chair through a window.
She threatened me with kitchen knives.
I didn't get any sleep for 2 days.

The second night, she ran out the door while I was on the kitchen phone.
She wasn't wearing shoes. She only had a sun-dress on. No panties. No bra.
I grabbed her panties she had left behind in the bedroom and ran after her.

When I caught up to her, I let her walk, knowing it would do her some good to be out,
and I kept very alert to anything dangerous she might do.

2 hours of walking. Not saying anything.

The sun had set and it was night now.

Once in a while she would turn around, stop and make a face at me.
Her face was tensed like she was trying to say something to me.
And I remembered she had said something about telepathy the day before.
So she was trying to force a telepathic communication across to me.
All I could do was patiently, gently guess at the meaning.
It could be ANYTHING.
She'd get mad that I didn't get her message and storm off again.

Eventually, we came to an area where there was a Highway Patrolman doing paperwork, parked at the side of the road.
The 405 freeway wasn't too far away and this road we were walking was mostly parallel to it.
I was walking behind her, so I waved my arms until I got his attention. I motioned that she was loopy.
And he got out and came over and tried to ask her questions.
She wasn't responding, but she would turn to me and do the forcing-a-telepathic-message-to-you-and-you-should-get-it-because-this-guy-obviously-can't.

And I was supposed to translate to him.

Well, she just got more upset that I didn't know what she was trying to communicate and she laid down on the ground.
I finally had a chance to put her panties on her, but not after she made a point of given the patrolman a glance.
I helped her stand and she asked the patrolman for a cigarette, since he had just lit one up.
She smoked it for a minute and then threw the burning cigarette in my face and tried to make a run for it.
I grabbed her arm and she fell to the ground, trying to pull me down with her.
My face had burns near my right eye now.

A few cars had passed while all of this was happening and probably not just one, but several calls to 911.

Because, soon, 4 patrol cars arrived with 2 policemen or women each.
One motorcycle cop arrived. 2 unmarked cars with plain-clothes officers arrived.
And the police helicopter had the area well-lit from above.

And she (the friend) drove past as all this was happening.

Fortunately, I recognized her car and we got the motorcycle cop to chase her down and pull her over a couple miles away.

Would you have stopped where all that was happening?

Me, neither.

We got this ex-girlfriend of mine some food and vitamins and rest back at her apartment.

The next day she ran out into the busy street outside her apartment building, took off her top and sat down, in the middle of the street, topless.

I ran out and stopped the traffic.

My friend and I helped get her back into the house.

It was tough to keep her calm.

She ripped all of the phones off the wall. She would sometimes scream for minutes on end. (Especially if I tried to catch a quick nap.)

I would quickly calm her down, by talking to her soothingly.

By the end of day 3, I was relieved by someone that I was told was more experienced with this sort of thing.

I went home and slept.

The next day I heard that they were all in jail. The helpers and the ex-girlfriend, all in jail.

The people who relieved me failed to keep her calm fast enough and someone called the police.

She went into psychiatric care after that.

And since she was released, she has been writing the most awful lies about me and my character.

It's easy to find if you search my name on Google. But I warn you, it is very nasty.

She's likely to be a suicide case, being that she is that psychotic, so I leave it alone.

She probably would think it would be her final revenge. (for me helping her...)

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The part about us dating is true. The rest is twisted garbage.

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